NEW THINGS ABOUT BOOKS

"Field Flowers," a Memorial of Fine Illustrating.

MR. BESANT'S LATEST

It Is a Novel Called "A Master Craftsman"-Golden Days of Plentitude in Scotland.

HE volume of "Field Flowers," which is finding its way into such general circuation, is a composite memorial of the finest book illustrating of of the finest book illustrating of which our country can boast. The book is designed for sale at \$1, the proceeds of the sale to be applied to the Field monument. It represents a valuable doilar's worth. The book contains lifteen poems of the late gentle singer, and each is libustrated in full page by the most celebrated artist. "The Dream Ship' is illustrated by W. E. Taylor, "Luttle Mistress Sans-Merch" is pictured by Owen Lowell: George Wharton Edwards contributes characteristic work to the "Cornish Lullaby." Frank O. Small makes a half page and Henry Landham signs a half page and Henry Landham signs a full page to the familiar "Over the Hills and Far Away," C. J. Taylor, whose in-mitable work in Puck is known to every-one, illustrates "Jes" "Fore Christmas," "Be My Sweetheart" is exquiritely done by W. Granville Smith; Irving R. Mills and A. B. Wenzell have lined two lovely girls for "A Little Bit of a Woman." Mark Hallock Fotte has "Barbara" to her credit, Hallock Fotte has "Barbara" to her credit, and "Some Time" is prettily pictured by Alice Spencer Stephens and John McCutchous: F. Hopkinson Smith devotes two whole pages to the illustration of two fragments, and Erice Pape draws a singular Madonna in full page for another fragment, as well as placing a song attractively in two pages; E. W. Kemble, A. B. Frost, W. A. Rogers, Abby F. Underwood, Harry Fean, Charles C. Curran, William Schmedtzen, Charles Mente, Frederic Remington, and Frank B. Melville all contribute to this remarkable picture book. It is prettily bound in green. picture book. It is prettily bound in green, with a pining Cupid in a wreath of truit

S J. F. B. Lillard suggests, in the preface of his little volume of poker stories which Francis P. Harper had sold into many thousands, wherever a few men are gathered together hearty laugh rises from their midst, you may be sure they are telling a poker story. It must have been in such a genial ng that one of Mr. Lillard's best was

justice on the charge of gambling. "So you were playing cards for money?"

maid the magistrate, severely.
"No, sir; we were playing for chips."
"Well, sir, it's all the same thing. You got your chips cashed for money at the end game, I suppose?

"Not How's that?" "At the end of the game I didn't have any sips, your honor," "You're discharged," said the judge.

T 18 very seldom that a wholly commend able text is still subsidiary to the il-lustrator. Still, such would seem to be the case of Mabel Fuller Blodgett's Fairy Tales, which Ethel Reed illustrated for Lamson Wolff & Co. There is no and lead to Lanson, which are the stories; they are as simple and fascinating, yet fanciful and imaginative, as the canous of fairy literature, were they written, could demand In the face of this recognition and testimon: it is still the pictures which especially de-light one in thumbing the pretty book. Miss Reed has interpreted and discovered to its proper sphere the grotesquerie that has been bidding for place in art. The indescribable which has thrust itself onto poster in areas

of redaid green and yellow, and spilled itself in linky engines on book pages, seems se-riously adapted to but one legitimate purpose. Miss Reed has discovered it, and has proven herself a mistress in exploiting it. Its province is the illustration of fairy tales. Its problematical linears and gnomish fig-ures, armising outlines and unconventional ures, surprising outlines and unconventional generality are exactly adapted to the beros and heroines of Tom-Noddy-land.

HE potentiality of opportunity is accented by ever recurring example. A young Nova Stotia girl, Miss Jean Carre, is a student at the Metropolitan Art League. She pursued the routine of a student's endeavor until she woke up one day to find lerself famous for a cover she had designed for Lamson, Wolff & Co. for their edition of Faith's hongmas. It is prime ndously effective and Enigmas. It is tremendously effective and shows a red eagle against a drab buck-ram. This odd title embraces fitteen stories by Charles G. D. Roberts. This man is better known for the gentle quality of his verse, but his first excursion out of the limitations of meter and rhyme has prove interesting and delightful. The poetic quality is strong in his prose, but he dis-plays narrative and constructive ability to

W ALTER BESANT, Sir Walter, has through his American publisher, Frederick Stokes, issued his latest povel. He calls it "A Master Crafts

novel. He calls it "A Master Craftsman." It is an English story, which
ends today, but began with the recital of
strange things which happened five score
years ago. The fifth wheel of the narrative
is a hidden bag of gems which an old man of
Wapping died possessed of in secret. His
nephews, they were consins, knew of the
existence of the fartune, but were in ignorance of its whereabouts. In the angulah
of the ravishing secret each accused the
other of the theft. The two branches of the
family separated in these cousins and it family separated in these cousins and it became a tradition in each line that the other had stolen the treasure. But in these days the latest scious became reconciled and with much interesting detail the jewels are found, not, as accused, in the possession of either family, but in an old trunk of the long-deceased one who acquired the treas-ures. This fine pen spun romance and the love story woven therewith inclines one to the belief that a title does not weigh heavy on Waiter Besant's original invent-

THE Scots are in their golden days of literary pleotitude. At least three have within five years achieved sufficient to fustify a position of approximate permanency in a list of national writers. But they are national only in topic and temperament, for the ympathy of the sweet pature they portray ruit to our list of Scots, be he Scot or nay, e writes thereof as one of them, is David Lyall, introduced by Revell's publication of his "Heather from the Brae." One may more from the heart than from precept, from experience than study, as a large-hearted lad of the highlands. He is a master in the breadth of his character strokes, and his illusion of atmosphere is real as the mist on the highlands.

mist on the highlands.

He is simple and sweet withal, and in
this stands shoulder to shoulder with Barrie. MacLaren and Blackmore. "A Last
Lamb" breathes the spirit of Lorna Doone's
land with delicious fidelity, and Jamie
Haldane is another John Ridd. But in the technicality of structure he is weak. By way of example let us take "After many Days." which is fair in representation, for it combines his most attractive characteristics with the one criticism which may be lodged against him. The situation which faces Angus in his love for Elsie after the victory for himself and his mother is strong The dissipated mother enlists sympathy for Elsie, and consciously or unconsciously one asks if Angus has grown strong enough to take Elsie and face the storm of n public censure. It is a chance for sub public censure. It is a chance for sub-tle variation on the original theme. The opportunity for his originality is patent, but he shirks. The device of the drowning is, weak evasion of an heroic situation. It is possible, and it may be a transcription from real life, but it is a choice of one of the actualities which is unfortunate, for it is commonplace. All realism is not in-teresting. Young Braden was introduced into the story too late to screen the rea-son of his being. Mrs. Gourly was an op-portunity for colorature, which Mr. Lyall shuns. She might have been pictured strongly in contrast with the placid sweetness of the others. The two glimpes given are graphic and firm in delineation, one when the doctor leaves her on the call, the other when she comes into his dead pres-ence. It would seem Mr. Lyall relieves in dreams. Angus dreamed of Elsie's plight and Betty saw in the sleep-vision the bairn of Westerland in the ewe-bucht. Neverthe less, Mr. Lyall stands in the front rank of and graphic characterization.

NE of the most recent of Lamson, Wolff & Co.'s publication is "A Bad Penny," a story of the early days of this cen-tury. Oldbury, Mass., a marine vil-lage, is the scene of the story, and the lage, is the scene of the story, and the hero is a boy who is possessed of the rover's spirit, but suppressed by a father who has amidtions for him. A well-constructed plot casts the boy under a cloud, but he comes forth trimpliantly in the end, having proved himself not only innocent of crime, but a hero in one of the early sea fights in the last war with England. The author, John T. Wheelwright, who has also written "A Child of the Century," "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge," and other books, has added to the young reader's obligation to his effito the young reader's obligation to his effi-

5 OME clever geographers of literature pointed out recently how the lands are parceled to the different authors, and they are given title deeds in fee simple against intruders. Anthony-Hope holds Ruritania as much in his grasp as other Russyndal the floring of Norway. as either Russyndal, the flords of Norway belong to Ibsen, the bungalows of India to Kipling, Japan to Hearn, the Sierras to Bret Harte, the Mississippi so far as New Orleans to Mark Twain, the old French capital to George W. Cable, Mary E. Wilkins has made gentle conquestof New England, and all Canada is the especial property of Gilbert Parker. Each has won his territory gallantly, none more so than Parker, though their title deeds date earlier. His though their title deeds date earner. His latest contribution to the romance of the north provinces is called "The Seats of the Mighty," and therein, with congenial bending of authenticated fact and grace-ful fiction, is weven the lustory of old Quebec during the turbulent days of 150 years ago when Wolf and Montcalm and Brad-dock were carving a portentous history. Mr. Parker has an affectionate apprecia-tion of his pre-empted territory, and no place or period lends itself more agreeably to the gentle violence of fetting Gilbert to the gentle violence of fiction. Gilbert Parker has given a meteoric flight into literature just sufficient latitude to inspire confidence in his permanency. The Appletons publish his books and they find the call for the romancer of Canada asstrong as for any other name in their lists.

NE of the best things-or shall I say three?-in "The Flavors" name of a new story, and is only enunciated by inference, but the parsons are clearly and deligntfully defined. They figure conspicuously in the opening of the story, but two of them leave the race through the rest of the book to the third, who is of sufficient strength. But their memory pur-sues him and throws a glow of ennobling contrast about him. They are the Rev. Mr. Burmanstofts, the vicar, who regarded the administration of the parish as a dip-lomatic affair, and humored his parishion-ers when it was "worth while." The other two are his curate, the Rev. Fordham Fynche, and the Rev. Godfrey Knipe. The Rev. Fordham has a pink nose and flaxen hair, and takes his altar cloths as orthodoxy. The Rev. Godfrey has a brave unonventionality which leaves a desolation of ideals in its track, but conforms to the forgotten prejudice of right. He is in personality the antithesis of the Rev. Fordham and in policy the antithesis of the vicar. To be sure, there are many others concerned in the history of the affairs of the obscure village of Saxiton, but none are more de-lightfully pictured than the three clerics. Halliwell Sutcliffe is the narrator. His

name is not as familiar as it ought to be. He

develops his story with a subdued tone of humor which makes it a hundredfold more delightful than a score of other novelists who go hammer and tongs at the gist of things and neglect the chalacter and humor, which is life, of the parties to the history. The New Amsterdam Book Company is to be thanked for the introduction to Mr. Sutcliffe, his cleries, et al.

KETCHES which illuminate so pre closs a period of beoxmaking as the formulative fifty years at the begin-ning of this century are on their face bound to be valuable. But when face bound to be valuable. But when they are lined by ao brilliant a pen as Dr. Thomas Rees' they are also sure to be interesting. The doctor wrote his sketches in 1853, and they were an invaluable series of memoranda and anecdotes of publishers, authors and book auctioneers of his hietime, and they were issued privately. Francis P. Harper has rescued them from continued oblivion, and Thomas Britton has amended and edited them under the title of "Literary London." The work must have been as pleasurable a task as the reading is a delightful diver. task as the reading is a delightful diver-

est successes, a successful author, and their relation to each other. The and their relation to each other. The ivory binding in which the Scribners serve it is harmoniously in keeping with the Cornish brochure. It is a pleasing story. To be sure, Q. devotes a lengthy introduction to the ancestry of a character who leaves the book very early and only remained long enough to adorn the author's tale of the weakness of men in high places. The lowly-born Cornish girl who gives her name to the book and sacrifices her honor that the story might be, is well drawn. Q. is particularly skillful with his undercuts, or, in parlance dramatic, with his "asides."

BRING young woman is again ex-picted by Mr. Albert Ross in a sen-sational novel called "Love Gone Astray." Dillingham & Co. publish this and all his books. His plan is to seize upon an unnecessary and unfortu-nate truth and spread it through his books. He called it "a delicate situation." It is in reality quite decidedly indelicate His stories are not generally put down un-til the last chapter is finished, and his

Literary Notes.

Plays by Gilbert Parker have been produced in Australia. James M. Barrie has completed a biography of his mother.

Boston's latest literary fad is that authors ust not eat breakfast. A first impression of Robert Louis Ste-enson was never pleasant. 200,000 copies of Albert Ross' "Thou Shalt Not" have been sold. They have saddled plagfarism on Thomas Hardy in his "Trumpet Major."

Penny and halfpenny (1 cent) papers areat las thecoming popular in London. "Venice of Today," by F. Hopkinson Smith, is issued by subscription.

Mr. Howell's story for the Century is called "An Open-Eyed Conspiracy."

"The Red Letter is the name of a new fad azine, to be published in Boston. Not the romantic but the problem novel is what Anthony Hope considers his forte. Conan Doyle is busy now upon a novel Bliss Carmen takes his first name from is mother. He is a Canadian by birth. Herman Sunderman was born in 1857. His first work was published only ten

Marie Correli is liked in her books and cordially hated by those who know her out of them.
Yasnaya Polyana, an estate in Central Russia, giorifies meet as the birthplace of Tolatol. Tolstu's hands are large and rough and do not look as if they had ever been used for writing.

Maurus Jokai is the poet laureate of

Hungary. He has written over two hundred works. "The Stack Monroe Letters" are sup-posed to be in part autobiographical of Dr. Conan Doyle.

W. Clark Russell is the son of an English vocalist, but he is an American by birth. He lives in England.

C. D. Gibson and bride return this month from Europe and spend the balance of the summer in Virginia. It is a fiction that magazine editors are inaccessible. They are hard nots to crack however, once in hand.

England is speculating on who "Ge Forth" may be, who has, under that n written "March Hares." "Tasma" is the pseudonym of Mr Auguste Convreur, who has been cal the Australian George Eliot. Anthony Hope spends nine hours at hi deak daily. He is engaged upon a seque to the "Prisoner of Zenda."

When Sir Edwin Arnold was only a head master at a Hirmingham grammar school he was caned by one of the boys. The London Atheneum goes for Ton Grogan. The reviewer did not find a single idea or thought in the entire book. The family of Gilbert Parker have be soldiers for many generations. He studie for the church, but never took orders.

James M. Barrie and wife will be accompanied by Dr. W. Robertson Nicell when they sail for this country, September 26. William Black hopes to live long enough to see an installment of a novel which is literature in every edition of the London Times.

Amy Reade, a neice of Charles Reade, is in California writing a book on the United States. She is said to be unfavorably impressed.

What has become of Nordau and his Edward Fitzgerald refers to Carlyle's French Revolution as a curious polyglot. An Englishman writes of a French Revolu-tion in a German style.

Seth Low is the only college graduate among the philanthropasts who have given a million dollars or over to the cause of education in this country.

Edmund Gosse reminiscencing of Wait. Whitman, very prettily refers to him as "inat on rhapsodist in his empty room, glorified by patience and philosophy." An English reviewer who stambled against some of Bliss Carmen's trancendental vers said that, set to appropriate music, it would be an acquisition to a Sweden borgian hymnal Both 8, R. Crockett and Stanley Weyman are keeping themselves sectided just at present, each being at work upon a novel promised for delivery before the end of the

J. M. Barrie is idling rather than working He is not a prodigious writer, at his best and since he finished his "Sentimenta Tommy" he has started upon no further work Alfred Austin, poet laureste of Englands suffering the penalter of his

s suffering the penalties of his exa-position. Max Nordau has praised only he is exhibited in was at M S. R. Crockett is but thirty-seven years old. He has traveled in Europe, Siberia and Africa. He was a clergyman for a few years but resigned to take up literature avelusively.

Paul Bourget has wen a suit of vast im-portance to authors. The courts decided that publishers' books are open to authors in order to see that they are not defrauding them of royalties.

them of royalties.

The dictionary and the encyclopedia are the only books which Frank R. Stockton wants near him when he writes. He says he would rather read than write in a well equipped library.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan is a rising English author, who works command attention by their titles alone. Among them are "God and the Ant," "A Dead Man's Diary" and "A Book of Strange Sins."

The revival of the essay is a conspicuous tendency of English current literature. Writers resent the temporary aspect of journalism and are reprinting in book form what they have contributed to newspapers.

One day a minister called on Horace Greeley to get a subscription for a temper-ance society. Greeley paid little attention to him. The minister kept insisting that he would speak to him. Finding the usual ways fruitless, he said in a somewhat loud

tone: "Mr. Greeiey, I want to get a sub-scription from you for this society to prevent people from going to hell." "Clear out." said Greeiey, "I will not give you a cent. There are not half enough people going to hell now."

Miss Fanny Edgar Thomas has been made an officier d'Academie, by the French gov-erament in recognition of her work in musical criticism. She is the first Amer-ican woman thus honored. She went to Paris two years agoentirely unknown. C.D. Gibson has made a most pronounced hit in London. Anthony Hope, George du Maurier, Phil May, the caricatarist; Lord Russell, Arthur Baifour, Mrs. Asquith and Bir Evelyn Wood have posed as "models," and are presented in Gibson's nictures.

In a vote in New York State among librarians on the best fifty books to be added to village libraries Mrs. Burnett's "Two Little Pilgrims" beaded the list. Kipling's "Second Jungle Book" and MacLaren's "Days of Auld Lang Syne" were second and third.

second and third.

The widow of Louis-Lucien Bonaparte, the distinguished philologist and chemist, has offered to seit to the administration of the Guildhall, Loudon, for the sum of 159,000 francs (\$30,000) his library of 25,000, younges. The price is said by experts to be immoderately cheap.

The list of the unwedded is long among literary producers. It includes Molly Seawell, Beatrice Harraden, Agnes Repplier, Nora Petry, Ouida, Jean Ingelow, Resa Cary, Edita Thomas, Alice Frown, Louise Imogen, Guiney, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins, Octave Thanet, Edma Lyall and many others.

Toru Dutt, if she were still living,

could in Begal. She studied in many parts of Europe.

An aunt of B. R. Crockett, the Scotch writer, residing in Springfield, O., says that in his boyhood he was willing to make any sacrifice for books, and saved every penny with that object in view. As he grew older, he would spend days upon the hills studying the landscapes he would portray with his pen, and writing to gain greater grace and facility.

A bleyele novel, if you please, runs over the adventures of two mannishly attired American girls who do Europe in the saddle. It is called "Wheels," and the reputed author is A. Wheeler. They fall in with all sorts of adventures, spinning the grand tour from Paris to Marseilles, Nice, Monte Carlo, Naples and Pompeti. Dillingham is the publisher.

The remark of Geroge Haven Putnam that

linguam is the publisher.

The remark of Geroge Haven Putnam that
"the chief business of the true publisher is to discourage the publication of books" reminds one of the editor who said that the "chief business of the true editor is to keep things cat of his paper." The above remarks are true, and deserve a place higher than that of Taileyrand, who said that language was employed to conceal thought.

thought.

"The damnation of Theron Ware" cost its author, Harold Frederick, five years of hard work. He says: "After I had got the people of my novel grouped together in my mind, I set myself the task of knowing everything they knew. As four of them happened to be specialists in different professions, the task has been tremendous. For instance, one of them is a biologist, who, among other things, experiments on Lubbeck's pid Durwin's ines. Although these pursuits are merely mentioned, I got up masses of staff on bees and the cross-fertifization of plants."

Editors did not betray the slightest

Editors did not betray the slightest wish to have anything to do with Frank Stockton for a long time after he had commenced to write. Every contribution which he submitted was sent back to him with the printed formula, "Returned through no lack of merit," He acquired so many of these slips as to have quite an undesirable collection—undesirable to him. On one occasion, through absent-mindelness he took from the editor's room the editor's room the editor's room the editor's matterla, The unitrella was returned, heatly wrapped in little slips which stated that it was 'returned through no lack of merit," Whereat the editor, much amused by the retort courteous, accepted the next contribution which Mr. Stockton sent.

The author of "The Prisoner of Zenda' is London's principal social flon, in a lit erary way, these days, and he is easy prey He is indefatinable in this respect, keeping from three to four social engagements during an evening, and whiching up with a supper. He is fond of the theater and is seen at every important "first night." He

what extensive and varied experience at the theater.

The most fuscinating novel which Russia hassent in a long time of "Yera Yerontzoff," a tale of a woman's head and heart trims in the turbulence which has affilicted Czarland since the edit of '56. It is from the pen of the most interesting woman in modern Russian letters, poor Somia Kovalevsky. Her life was a slow tragic romance itself. She lived every emotion and suffered every heart pang to which human kind is amenable. Lamson Wolf & Co. have had a trerenduous sale on this book. Perhaps it will encourage them to publish others of its genuine vigor.

Alphonse Isaulet is, perhaps, to be a memoer of the French Academy in spite of himself. He has always refused to be a candidate, and a perusul of all his writings shows that the author had not had the exalted ideas about the "forty" that Zola has. However, a number of academicians are going to vote for baudet as the forthcoming election. rendered necessary by the death of Alexander Dumas, although he will not present himself for election. It is beteved that if, under these conditions, baudet is elected he will not refuse the honor.

Emile Zola pays a striking tribute to the power of the press in a three-column article

conditions. Dandet is elected be will not refuse the honor.

Emile Zola pays a striking tribute to the power of the press in a three-column article in the Paris Figaro. He says: "When I went to London to assist at the congress of journalists I was struck by the power which a universal press might exercise if the pournalists associations of the entire world came to an understanding, meeting together every year in a next of federa assembly, where every nation would be represented, where common interests would be discussed in such a way that their incalcuable force would be at the service of justice and fraternity."

The British and Foreign Bible Society furnishes some striking ingures concerning the circulation of Bibles as a whole or in part, for the year 1895-5. The figures are as follows: French agency, 142,197; Bergian, 21,171; Italian, 145,407; Portuguese, 11,294; Spanish, 76,892; German, 245,085; Swiss, 65,513; Austria-Hungarian agency, 158,194; Egyptian, including Syria, 28,071; Moorish, 7,314; Aigeria and Tunis, 14,856; Persian agency, 9,595; Turkish, with Bulgaria and Greece, 38,977; Russian, 543,109; Chines, 232,941; Japanese, 257,578; India, 476,982; Malaysian, 59,845. This gives a total of something over two and a haif million, so that the "Old Book" has still the "largest circulation" by a very long way.

A London editor says: "I don't think people have any conception of the demands

ation. Book has still the "largest circulation." by a very long way.

A London editor says: "I don't think people have any conception of the demands made on an editor. I have before me a letter from a man in Kansas, which would fill a whole volume of this journal, offering a manuscript entitled 'You; or, The Mystery of Life—The Way the World Goes Round.' He puts a series of queries to me as to what I think of it. 'Every word in the book,' he modestly tells me, 'is a good sentence, every sentence is a good page, and every page is a good book, and the whole book is a wonderful volume of knowledge,' and be winds up by assuring me that if I don't think much of his manuscript (which he has not sent) i am show script (which he has not sent) I am show-ing a lack of business interest."

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